

THE ELEMENTARY ENGLISH REVIEW

VOLUME III

JUNE 1926

No. 6

HOW A CHILD HELPS ME ILLUSTRATE¹

DUGALD WALKER

ROBIN and I went to a moving picture theatre. We had been told there was a lovely picture of birds in natural colors, to be seen there. Before the bird picture was displayed, several other moving pictures were thrown on the screen, and some vaudeville acts were given. Robin is nine years old. He can laugh at the newspaper supplement type of comical things, and he can also believe with me that there is a silver unicorn on the far-away blue hill that we can never quite reach. Robin laughed at the actors in the vaudeville. Two acrobats, dressed like tramps, made an extravagant effort in preparing for the feat of balance and daring which one thought would follow their endeavor. Instead of a display of muscular skill, they would fall down, usually on top of each other.

Each fall of the tramp gymnasts produced an outburst of laughter from Robin and the audience.

In the seats immediately behind us sat a man whose laughter grew as the actors' falls grew more frequent. He laughed so loud and heartily, that the man who was with him said, "Take it easy, Slim, you'll last longer."

This phrase has became a byword with

Robin and me, when I become over-enthusiastic in my work of illustrating.

A child plays an important part while I am making the illustrations for a book for children. The text to be illustrated comes to me from the publishers in long galley sheets. I read some of the story to Robin, and Robin reads some of the story to me. Children are not only close observers, but I find they have naturally a good taste in the choice of pictures. They demand a literal illustration whether the subject be an actuality or not. If possible, I make a boy or girl, nine or ten years old, my court of last resort. It is a court which does not even give a reargument. When reading with a child, one enters into another world, which looks like this world, but is quite different, and far more real.

In whatever age and place the story be laid, a child finds the impelling motives of human beings largely the same, and calls them by simple

and proper names. Very few "grown" people keep that faculty of complete absorption in the atmosphere of a story that is the usual child's inalienable birthright. To a child, even without the aid of a book, another world exists, a world without boundaries of time



Illustration by Dugald Walker for "The Children Who Followed the Piper" by Padraic Colum.

¹ Accompanying illustrations, by Dugald Walker, are published through the courtesy of The Macmillan Company.

or distance. It does not matter to a child that Hercules or Lancelot are "leagues, leagues away," and that they would not know how to get into this-year's cut topcoat.

As we read through the text of the story, Robin says he thinks there should be a picture here, and in turn, I say I think there should be a picture there. At these places, we pin a slip of colored paper on the side of the galley sheet. There are always many more marks for pictures we want to make, than we are permitted to place in the book. I always want to make more illustrations than is wise.

The text is read aloud and I get Robin's nine year old ideas. Sometimes Robin does not grasp at once all that is in the story, but he is going to hear it several times. Each time we go over the text, I feel I am distinctly gaining in the spirit of the story. Reading the book aloud to the child is assuredly the way to find out the highlights to illustrate. As we read, an enchanted freshness comes through the words from his untouched, clear mind. Something there recalls to my memory



Illustration by Dugald Walker for "The Girl Who Sat by the Ashes," by Padraic Colum.

the same scene, so magically pervaded with the spell of running water in secret rocky places. I remember my own little-child-self and I can share Robin's delight and awe and wonder.

Thoughts of an unearthly loveliness are suggested by Robin's comments. They express his childhood interest, dream, or pleasure, and they match the rare, crystal clear joy of the truly great poet or story-teller. This inspiration, I hope, should enable me to create an atmosphere for the reader in which he is moved to the reading of a book closed to him before. It should help me to suggest to an unimaginative reader all the color, richness and freedom of the new and wonderful world so clear to Robin. A child can help find deep within any one of us, a vast imaginative power, varying in quality and in interest, and finding for itself various ways of artistic expression.

I mark off the proportions on the drawing board, for the full page illustrations, the page decorations, the endpapers, the jacket and binding. Then I take my brush in my hand, my brush that is a wand shining with sunshine and starshine, sparkling with dew. How I came by that magic wand, no one can ever know. I cannot even myself ever know. We are about to begin to draw the pictures, when Robin says: "Take it easy, you'll last longer." We laugh for a little while and wish we could see the two men in the moving picture theatre. and the magic begins.

Books grow in such different ways. The first book I illustrated, for example, grew in a way all serious-minded folk would have said impossible—backwards. I painted the pictures while I was a clerk in an insurance office

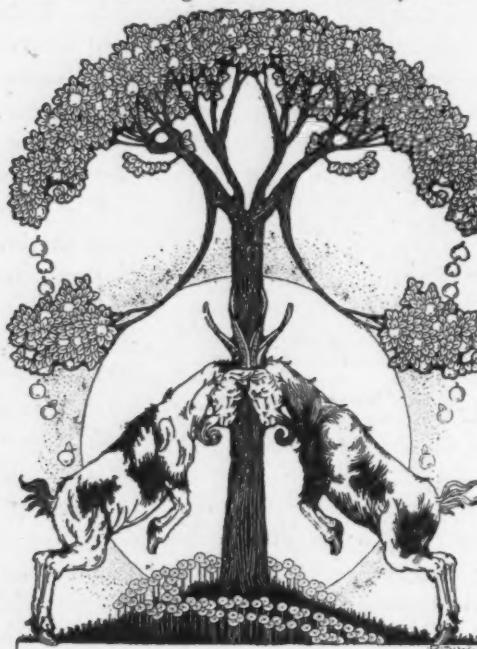


Illustration by Dugald Walker for "The Girl Who Sat by the Ashes," by Padraic Colum.

in Virginia. Most of them were painted on the backs of boards of calendars to advertise the insurance company. A publisher saw these pictures and commissioned an author to write the stories I could tell about the people and places in the pictures.

Next I illustrated an edition of Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. So wholesome and stimulating to the imagination and the poetic faculty are the inimitable stories of Andersen, it would be impossible for me to tell how I delighted in illustrating them. These fairy tales started me off making other little stories about various things within the pictures for a boy with whom I read these tales. I made into tales some of the secret thoughts and the music of poetry, singing in so many things besides poems, for the boy standing by my side as I drew.

After a while, a group of stories were made from the material provided by the Andersen illustration. These were published in a book called *Dream Boats*, together with some illustrations I made for them. I think these stories and the pictures are even more fun when you know how they grew out of pictures that were illustrations for other stories. I wrote them, as I make my pictures, you see, with a real child nearby. Some people have said that they are too "old" for children. But I have always found the life of the imagination to be more vivid than that of reality, therefore I have a creative boy or girl help me illustrate a book for children.

In all things of play children are so serious, so much more serious than older people are. Grown-up people can never lose themselves as children do in play, nor can they ever so utterly pretend. Many children recreate in play the lives and actions of the characters they most



Illustration by Dugald Walker for "The Girl Who Sat by the Ashes"
by Padriac Colum

admire. As I work at the present time on the illustrations for some Greek tales for publication in the fall, Robin and I play we are heroes and gods. It is wonderful to find, as we pretend, that the gods are not remote nor cloudy. But we find them gods we can understand and we are fond of them for their physical attributes, their independence and beauty. Hylas and Narcissus and Persephone and Hermes are real people around us, more life-like, often, than the people of everyday life.

Sometimes, we even pretend the author of the book we are illustrating. We played with some of the poets of Miss Sara Teasdale's anthology, *Rainbow Gold*. We had a beautiful walk along the Palisades with John Keats and Author Unknown. Another time, we had a pretend visit with Matthew Arnold. He frightened us, and we were afraid to draw a picture for his "The Forsaken Merman." We wanted to make an illustration for that



Illustration by Dugald Walker for "Wonder Tales from China Seas," by F. J. Olcott. Longmans

poem as much as any in the book, but could not do it.

I have always thought that the author and the illustrator should work as collaborators. I can appreciate that an author of today might feel that his work would have no great advantages from illustrations. In recent years illustrators have developed some deplorable tendencies, imposing their types and mannerisms upon the reader, disregarding the characters and scenes, so that the creations of scores of writers have all been made to look alike.

On the other hand, the illustrator must feel that his illustrations, to be worth anything, are being regarded as an accompaniment to the text. An illustration may legitimately give the artist's view of the author's

idea, or it may give his view, his independent view, of the author's subject. The illustrator should be granted free play: it must be the illustrator's thought accompanying the author's thought. Any attempt to compel him into a mere tool in the author's hands can only result in the most dismal failure. The artists' greatest joy is to put down in a picture the sense of wonder and delight caused by the words of the story. The illustrations should be beautiful to the eye, and suggest beauty to the mind, beauty and happiness. Happiness is the birthright of childhood. The happiness of youth carries its sunshine through all the following years of life. Beauty is not so easy to find. There cannot be enough beauty in the books that are to be little children's companions.



Illustration by Dugald Walker for "The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said," by Padraic Colum.

IN THE REALM OF CHILDREN'S READING

*"Like argosies of old, seek treasure,
But go a-voyaging in books."*

SADIE BUSH, Boys' and Girls' House, Toronto

WOULD you believe me if I told you that among our acquaintances in the Boys' and Girls' Library in Toronto, are two delightful children, twin-sisters, who already, at the age of eight-and-a-half, have devoured all the tales of chivalry they have been able to lay hands on? These children have read, discussed, and re-read the Howard Pyle books—the complete and most literary retelling of the Arthurian legends—in four volumes, with their companion copy of "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," Pyle's "Men of Iron," and "Otto of the Silver Hand." Marshall's "Cedric the Forester," Yonge's "The Little Duke," Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," parts of "Ivanhoe," and Stevenson's "The Black Arrow" (which Betty borrowed later, by the way, to re-write it, since she "didn't care for deaths.") "Treasure Island" they rejected, on the ground that "mother thinks it too old for us—there is a man in it with one leg!" The taste of these children demands high, heroic deeds, as they find them in ballads, tales of robber barons and fortress castles, border raids, the Wars of the Roses, the sea-faring heroes of Elizabeth's reign, the "narrow escapes and hurried journeys" of Bonnie Prince Charlie—but I am sorry that Betty and Mary Gordon, themselves, cannot tell you what they like—



From "The Living Forest"—By Arthur Heming.
Doubleday Page.

with a vocabulary rich with quaint phrases, happy turns, and the unexpected sounding words that children hoard for private use. To see small Mary, perched on one corner of the table, describing with glowing cheeks and a graphic little hand that memorable, exciting struggle on the bridge, in the closing chapter of "Otto of the Silver Hand," is a picture to remember. The end of Baron Henry puzzled her; in her mind it wasn't settled. To prove the ambiguity, she quoted—"There was a *thunderous* splash in the water below—they saw whirling eddies sweep down the current of the stream, a few bubbles rose

to the surface of the water, and then—nothing; 'for the smooth river flowed on as silently as ever.' Was Baron Henry dead? That was all it said." Once more, dreamy-eyed, she repeated the puzzling conclusion, using her hand to express the quiet movement of the water—"for the smooth river flowed onward as silently as ever"—Was Baron Henry drowned? Or could he swim?"—The imagination of these children is so fired with the lofty bearing, the feats of courage, and the gay good humour of their heroes, that to hear them discuss a favourite passage is almost enough to send one in search of the book. Mary always forgot herself in the retelling of a story—"And then," said Mary, in a hushed mysterious voice, "as Sir Edmund was sitting in his chamber, what do you think he heard?" (a judicious pause, for suspense). "Footsteps!" (Another dramatic pause). "Was it a friend? *No*. It was his little enemy!" (Why spoil a story by waiting to place your m's and n's? And after all, why isn't "enemy" quite as good a word as "enemy?")

Do you wonder that I think them charming, these glowing rampant little girls, who, if it were not for the restraining influence of their governess, would visit a room like a tornado? Of course, they go to bed at seven, which in some measure may account for their spirits, but deeper than the normal, active life they lead, is their whole-souled absorption in things outside themselves. Reflection, with a certain amount of introspection, must come with years—no thinking person can avoid it—but delayed until the natural time, it loses its morbidity. Teach the child to look outward, not in; teach her to realize the world about her, to see, hear, and feel, to lose nothing of the joy of living in this beautiful world—to hear

"The everlasting pipe and flute
Of wind and sea and bird and brute,
And lips deaf men imagine mute
In wood and stone and clay,
The music of a lion strong
That shakes a hill a whole night long,
A hill as loud as he.

The twitter of a mouse among
Melodious greenery,
The ruby's and the rainbow's song,
The nightingale's—all three,
The song of life that wells and flows
From every leopard, lark, and rose,
And everything that gleams or goes
Lack-lustre in the sea."

Have you ever watched an autumn leaf careering, dancing and glancing over the lawn? A child's life should be as beautiful, care-free, and joyous as that. Provided they lead upright, honest lives, Mary and Betty have not a care in the world, nor a thought for themselves. With lessons and tramping, games according to season, and with books to fill in the crannies, you are a very busy person. And if, in your inmost private life—which all children with any imagination lead, to their future weal or woe—you are living in Sherwood Forest with the merry robber, or, with Myles Falworth, receiving a young noble's training for knighthood, or if you are sailing the high seas with Sir Francis Drake, what time is left, I ask you, for speculation on any but most pressing problems—such as the end of Baron Henry, that nefarious man?

Do all parents realize the importance of their children's mental world? The more sensitive their nervous organism, the more exposed children are to the ennobling or vitiating influence of their imaginings. However serene and confident parents may be, they should, in some way best discovered by themselves, learn what is uppermost in their children's minds when they "pretend."

The very fact that imaginative children do lead a double life is promising—a clod does not. Do you remember Charles Dickens' account of himself at eight or nine?

"I sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe. And for days and days, I can remember to have gone about my region of our house, armed with the centre-piece out of an old set of boot-trees—the perfect realization of Captain Somebody, of the Royal British Navy, in danger of being beset by

savages, and resolved to sell his life at a great price."

And do you remember Robert Louis Stevenson's account of his annual October orgy? "When the nights were black, we would begin to sally from our respective villas, each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket-belt, and over them, such was the rigour of the game, a buttoned top-coat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin; they never burned aright though they would always burn our fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; yet, a boy with a bull's eye under his top-coat, asked for nothing more. When two of these asses met, there would be an anxious 'Have you got your lantern?' and a gratified 'Yes!' That was the shibboleth, and very needful, too; for, as it was the rule to keep our glory contained, none could recognize a lantern-bearer, unless (like the pole-cat) by the smell. Four or five of us would sometimes choose out some hollow of the links where the wind might whistle overhead. There, the coats would be unbuttoned, and the bull's eyes discovered . . . but these gatherings were only accidents in the career of the lantern-bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public; a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge."

Do you remember that awful, abysmal, conclusion of the Fourth Commandment? "And the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children to the third and fourth generation." This seems to me especially true where our children's reading is concerned. In selecting a book do we, with whatever native powers and pertinent advice we can command, choose carefully and well? Do we take into account the child's temperament, and need, which may be divergent, and do we weigh the value of the book to him now,

and later? Will it enlarge his horizon, stretch his faculties, quicken his sympathy, and add to his joy in living? In short, is it a book worthy of being included in the child's own private library? Children are pathetically dependent on their elders for their libraries. They read the books they are given, and if their elders buy what they are shown, and booksellers offer what publishers show them, and publishers accept whatever is sent them, the whole business of buying and selling is conducted in as amiable a manner as can be, but where does discrimination come in? Or consideration of the child's individual needs? Cultured homes equip a child for life in a way that no later effort, either on the part of the child or parents, can ever approach. When children ask for books at the library, unconsciously they betray their whole background. "Oh-h-h! Treasure Island!" said James, with a long-drawn, ecstatic sigh, as he stood on tiptoe to reach the book of his desire. "The very book I have been wanting for a long time!"

"Have you got the 'Tarzan Books?'" another asks, "Or Alger's?" or the "Tom Swift series?" Boys with well-read parents never ask for these. Isn't it cruel that children, through no fault of their own, should be so handicapped at the beginning—should be dropped into a bog of mediocrity, out of which they have to climb? James, with his love of good literature, has done no more to deserve his environment than the other small boy who has fallen upon the "Tarzan Books," yet the mental and moral fibre of the one child is being strengthened by everything he reads, while the other boy is left to make his way as best he can. The importance of early reading cannot be overestimated—to give the right book to the right child at the right time is as keen a pleasure as there is, perhaps. If children once have learned to "read for the rapture that is in it," the pleasures of the mind will make distasteful life on any lower plane.

Coarsened by long and close contact with others of our kind, we are in constant danger of forgetting the lovely taste of an unspoiled child. I remember one occasion of my own

chagrin. It was seven in the evening, and George, a beautiful, fair child of three, having had his bath, was lying quietly in his crib, almost ready to go to sleep after a long and eventful day. Desirous of winning favour in his eyes, I made advances—"George," I said, "Do you know the story of 'The Little Red Hen?'" He looked at me steadily, "Yes-s-s," he said politely, but without enthusiasm—then added with an eager change, "Do you know—'Un—to—the hills—mine eyes?'" Daddy says that to me 'The Lord—my shepherd—not want!' Say that!" I was ashamed—me, with my little red hen!

"Yes," his father said when I returned to the family, "Yes, I've been intoning the Psalms to him to put him to sleep. I think it is good for him—and it trains his ear." George's father, who carries his love of Latin and Greek verse into English, was doing this for a three-year-old child. I wish you could have heard that baby's voice—gaps here and there where his memory and the meaning failed him—but with the sonorous rhythm still unbroken. Already, at the age of three, he had a feeling for the nobility of sound. And what a memory for George to carry throughout life!

Year after year a depressing number of mediocre books for children make their appearance—stories that lead nowhere, lack inspiration, and literary style, and instill a wrong scale of values. Books so ingeniously jacketted and illustrated that they lure the

indifferent purchaser into buying them, while Stevenson, Scott, Dickens, Marryat and Fennimore Cooper, to mention older authors, are forgotten! And think of the later ones—Barrie, Kipling, Kenneth Grahame, Johanna Spyri's "Heidi," Bennett's "Master Skylark,"—but why mention any when I can so few!

Of the newest books for children I append a few titles which merit consideration from those who have children's vacation reading in mind.

Horne, R. R. *King Penguin*. Macmillan.
Beltrameli, Antonio, *Piccolo Pomi*, tr. by Leo Ongley. Dutton.

Moon, Grace. *Chi Wei*. Doubleday.
Chrisman, Arthur B. *Shen of the Sea*. Dutton.

Thompson, Blanche J. *Silver Pennies*. A collection of modern poems for children. Macmillan.

Nesbit, E. *Five of us and Madelaine*. Longmans.

Farjeon, Eleanor. *Mighty Men*. Appleton.
Colum, Padraig. *The Voyagers*. Macmillan.

Keller, Gottfried. *The Fat of the Cat and Other Stories*, freely adapted by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt.

Meigs, Cornelia. *Rain on the Roof*. Macmillan.

Heming, Arthur. *The Living Forest*. Gundy.

Saas, Herbert R. *The Way of the Wild*. Minton, Balch.

GOOD books are to the young mind what the warming sun and refreshing rain of spring are to the seeds which have lain dormant in the frosts of winter.

—Horace Mann

THE CHILDREN'S BOOKSHELF

ELVA S. SMITH

*Head of Children's Department,
Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh*

COULD one travel the road to yesterday and meet the great men and women of all times and of all countries, would there be anyone in Greece more fascinating to know than Herodotus, who had travelled to so many lands and who knew such marvelous tales of warriors and kings? The boy hero of Caroline Dale Snedeker's "Theras and His Town" had the great good fortune to fall in with this master story-teller and surely the way could not seem long when one listened to his marching tunes and laughing talk or heard him relate the most wonderful tale of all—how the Greeks fought at Salamis until the invading Persians turned and fled, leaving the wrecks of their ships scattered on the shore, even as the gods had foretold.

The story begins in the beautiful city of Athens when Theras, just seven years old, is first taken to school. Here he is taught to read and write, to play upon the lyre, and to sing the story-poems of Homer. On the athletic field he runs races with the other boys and learns to throw the disk. Full of interest also are the city streets and the templed hill of Athena. The time is that of the war with Samos and, with the outbreak of hostilities, the boy's happy childhood ends. Misfortunes come upon the family and Theras is taken away to live in military Sparta. Though only a boy, his life is that of a real soldier, marching and drilling with his company by day and sleeping at night in barracks; but he never forgets his own home and

his much loved city. Finally, spurred to action by injustice and cruelty, he resolves to run away. The journey back to Athens is long and dangerous; there are perils from the pursuing Spartans and from slave thieves, from beasts as well as from men; but Theras and the Achæan boy, who accompanies him in his flight, are helped upon their way by kindly shepherds and farmers, until at length, when courage is almost gone, they chance upon Herodotus. And so the story ends happily, as it began, with the longed-for return to Athens, and the restoration of Theras to his own family. A pleasant feature is the friendship of the two boys in different stations in life, a friendship which began in hardship, but which lasted all through their lives. The element of adventure and the variety of incident make the story interesting to children from ten to twelve years of age and they will enjoy tracing



From "Wonder Tales from China Seas"—By Frances J. Olcott
Longmans

the journeys of Theras on the attractive end-paper maps, but the book has a value beyond that of mere entertainment. The plan of the story gives a splendid opportunity to contrast the civilization of the two city states, Athens and Sparta, and it may well be used as an introduction to Greek history and literature. The author has always been intensely interested in everything pertaining to Greece and she spent six years in prefatory study for her first book, "The Coward of Thermopylae," now known as "The Spartan." Although not written for children, this and "The Perilous

"Seat" can be read and enjoyed by older boys and girls.

From Greece comes the traditional tale of the lost continent of Atlantis, which is retold by Padraig Colum in his "Voyagers," together with other legends and romances of the Atlantic. The stories center about the high tower built upon a lonely promontory by Prince Henry the Navigator, son of the King of Portugal. To that tower there came wise men, learned in ancient histories, and there they related strange tales of the sea and of the fabled land beyond the ocean. They told not only of the lost Atlantis but of the wanderings of Maelduin, of the voyages of St. Brendan and his companions, whose high courage brought them to the Radiant Land, and of the explorations of Leif the Lucky who found Wine-land the Good. Later, stories of American discovery are introduced into the scheme and linked with the earlier legends by the supposition that among those who listened to the marvelous tales was a young captain who was to have a daughter and her husband was to be Christopher Columbus. The incidents of the great admiral's first voyage are supposed to be related by Las Casas the Elder to his son. The story of Ponce de Leon's search for the Fountain of Youth is also included, as is an account of the settlement of Virginia, derived from official reports. The prophetic words of the Roman poet, Seneca, being at last fulfilled—"There will come an age in which Ocean shall loosen the bonds of things; a great country will be discovered; another Tiphis shall make new worlds, and Thule shall no longer be the extremity of the earth"—the book ends appropriately with the naming of the new found land in Prince Henry's tower. The unusual method of presentation gives a connected interest to the separate tales, which may, however, be used independently, if desired, and there is a pleasant literary flavor due to the author's skilful use of language and poetic style. Read for pleasure, with no thought of ulterior motive, these stories will aid in the development of literary appreciation and they will provide also an excellent background for the study of Ameri-

can history. The attractiveness of the volume is increased by the generous supply of illustrations, some in color, and others in black and white, by Wilfred Jones.

Would you know why chop sticks are used in China instead of knives and forks, how tea received its name, and why one variety is still known as Oo Loong or Black Dragon, try "Shen of the Sea," by Arthur Bowie Christman. Here, too, is the story of how *Yin Shu* (Make Books) was invented, or, "as the very odd foreign demons call it in their so peculiar language—"Printing'." These and the thirteen other tales included in the volume will add the spice of variety to the children's literary menu. Did the author go to school to Hans Christian Andersen? One might fancy so from the delectable beginnings of the stories: "What is better than roast duck with sweet ginger dressing?"—"Three plump mandarins hid behind a single tiny rose bush."—"This is the story that Kung Lin tells, hour after hour, in the peaceful shade of Bell that Rings Often Temple." And the tales end as felicitously as they begin: "And the six Shen, the six water demons are buried deep, in a jade bottle—perhaps under this very garden"—"Contrary to the last, Chueh Chun sat the wrong way in his boat and rowed for dear life." The quaint sayings and proverbial expressions introduced into the stories give an oriental atmosphere and the collection as a whole is original and delightfully humorous. The illustrator, Else Hasselriis, of Copenhagen, has caught the spirit of the tales and her silhouettes, more than fifty in number, will be enjoyed almost as much as the stories.

Two other collections of Chinese stories also merit recognition. "Wonder Tales from China Seas," by Frances Jenkins Olcott, is legendary in character; but the stories illustrate the manners and customs of China and the author revels in their exotic Eastern beauty and brilliance of color. "The Tiny History of China" and "The Tiny Dictionary" are especially interesting features and there are many attractive pictures. In "The Rabbit Lantern, and Other Stories," Dorothy Rowe introduces to American children a group of

Chinese boys and girls familiar to her from childhood days. She was brought up in Nanking, on the Yangtze-kiang, and knows at first hand the life she is describing. Miss Rowe presents the happier phases of this life and her stories are pleasant and cheerful in tone, portraying boys with pet birds on sticks, little girls with gay umbrellas, and such typical characters as the fascinating Candy Man. The illustrations are by a Chinese artist.

This Alice ("Alice in Orchestralia," by Ernest La Prade) is not the little girl who fell down the rabbit hole and had so many exciting adventures in Wonderland, but she must have been near of kin and she had an equally strange journey, for she found her way into a most delightful country, perhaps the most wonderful land of all—the land of music. A long ride through the shining brass tunnel of a "tuba" brings Alice to the kingdom of Orchestralia, a very old country in reality, though entirely new to her. She visits the capital, Fiddladelphia, under the guidance of a kindly old Bass Viol, attends a tea party in Panopolis, the home of the Oboe family, learns all about the Brassydale band and the artillery, and finally, having become acquainted in this pleasant manner with all the different members of the orchestra, she attends a novel and interesting concert led by Mr. Baton. The Harp, a most agreeable instrument with gentle, courteous manners, sits beside her during first part of the programme and explains everything that she finds puzzling.

Perhaps Alice did not really talk with fiddles and walk with trumpets, but she had, at any rate, a wonderful time and learned a tremendous lot about the orchestra. And other children, as well as Alice, are to be envied for "there is hardly anything about a modern symphony orchestra—its make-up, its functions, its manner of speaking that universal language of human emotions—that they may not learn through the pages of this book. And it is all done in such a beguiling way that one might swear that it had been written by the whimsical and immortal author of 'Alice in Wonderland'." (Walter Damrosch).



From "The Rabbit Lantern"—By Dorothy Rowe
Macmillan

Descriptions and pictures of the various instruments supplement the story part, and brief accounts of some of the musicians who have been influential in the development of the modern orchestra are also included. The author, a member of the New York Symphony orchestra and head of the violin summer school at Chautauqua, writes out of the fulness of his own expert knowledge and the information is authoritative.

You must have a silver penny
To get into Fairyland,

and sometimes these pennies are hard to find; but no boy or girl needs to remain outside the magical domain of modern poetry for lack of one, for here at hand is treasure trove. ("Silver Pennies," by Blanche Jennings Thompson). The selections have been chosen primarily for their appeal to children and they are arranged in two groups, the first including poems which will probably be enjoyed by the younger children and the second group containing those suitable for boys and girls over ten year of age. Here will be found Amy Lowell's "Fringed Gentians," Sara Teasdale's "Stars," the lovely "Christmas Folk Song," by Lizette Woodworth Reese, lullabies by Josephine Daskam Bacon and Fannie Stearns Davis, poems by Walter De la Mare, John Masefield, Vachel Lindsay, and many another writer of to-day. For pure enjoyment, try reading aloud, "If I were Lord of Tartary"

or "Velvet Shoes" or some other personal favorite, perchance,

Along the thousand roads of France,
Now there, now here, swift as a glance,
A cloud of mist blown down the sky,
Good Joan of Arc goes riding by.

The book is published in the "Little Library" series and the convenient size and form, as well as the contents, make it ideal for vacation reading. The moderate price which brings it within the means of nearly every home, may also be noted.

"Pattern Plays" by E. C. Oakden and Mary Sturt, is precisely what the title implies. Its purpose is not so much to provide plays suitable for presentation by children as to interest boys and girls in play construction by showing how narrative stories and poems can be changed to the dramatic form. It is generally recognized that plays which are worked out by the children themselves have not only greater interest for them than those which are merely memorized, but they have far greater educational value; for in the process of dramatization there must be consideration of the play, however simple, as an art form. The choice of the incidents, the use of the dialogue to reveal the personality of the speaker or to carry on the action, the various problems of time, place, and unity—these must all be taken into account. Children cannot read unthinkingly if dramatic composition is to follow.

This book contains six tales—"The Pied Piper of Hamlin," "The Travelling Musicians," "The Story of Pastorella," "The Luck of Troy," "The Story of Dorigen," "Twice is Too Much," each followed by a dramatized version and explanatory notes to show how the difficulties of the changed form have been overcome. In addition,

ten other selections similar in character are included, with suggestions for their dramatization. The editors have wisely limited their selections to the old ballads and folk-tales, the fairy stories of Hans Christian Andersen, and standard English poetry, and this choice of material is as commendable as the plan of the work. Although planned for school use, the book will be valuable for any groups of children who are interested in play making.

The ability to observe accurately and to write entertainingly, and yet with distinction, is a rare combination of qualities not usually found in conjunction in children's books. "The Disappointed Squirrel, and Other Stories" is the work of a naturalist and it is also a book of unusual literary merit, far and away above the level of the ordinary animal story. The incidents and anecdotes related by the author are derived from his own personal experience so that the sketches have an informal and intimate character. Even as a small boy, running about wild on the South American pampas, he was interested in all the growing things about him, and this love of animal life and of nature he retained throughout his life. It is, however, largely because of his fine narrative style that he succeeds in conveying to others his own interest in the humble potato and the lowly pig. The various chapters will be liked none the less because they were not written primarily for young people, but are extracted from "The Book of a Naturalist" and illustrated with colored plates for their special delectation. Such titles as "Adventures With Foxes," "The Man Who Ate a Heron," "John-go-to-bed-at-noon," whet the appetite and lure one on to further reading.

Mr. Hudson's book is for older boys and girls who are interested in the great out-of-doors world, but the younger children



From "The Little Lost Pigs"—By Helen F. Orton Stokes

have not been forgotten, for next on the shelf is a small volume, attractive in appearance and fascinating to read—Mrs. Orton's "Little Lost Pigs," the story of Rosaline and Piggy Joe who lived in Farmer Gray's pigpen. Because of the greediness of Snowball and Blackie who lived in the pen with them, Rosaline and Piggy Joe did not have enough to eat. And so they went out into the Big, Big World. Once and again they adventured and returned safely, but the third day, wandering into the woods, they lost their way and when night came the stars looked down on two hungry little pigs far from home. Too late they realize the error of their ways and happy indeed are they when after sad and painful experiences they are finally found and rescued by Sport the dog. Rosaline and Piggy Joe may not possess the literary immortality of the famous pigs that Jan of the windmill "minded" so successfully, but the author has kept in mind the natural interest of the little children for whom she was writing and the treatment, reminiscent of the traditional nursery tale, is thoroughly childlike. The realistic manner, the definite detail, the clear and

simple language, appeal to the small boy and girl who are as yet inexperienced in the art of acquiring impressions through printed symbols. Mr. Luxor Price, who will be remembered for his colorful Mother Goose panorama has contributed the excellent illustrations.

Theras and His Town, by Caroline Dale Snedeker. Doubleday.

The Voyagers, by Padraic Colum. Macmillan.
Shen of the Sea, by Arthur Bowie Chrisman. Dutton.

Wonder Tales from China Seas, by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Longmans.

The Rabbit Lantern, and Other Stories, by Dorothy Rowe. Macmillan.

Alice in Orchestralia, by Ernest La Prade. Doubleday.

Silver Pennies, compiled by Blanche Jennings Thompson. Macmillan.

Pattern Plays, by E. C. Oakden and Mary Sturt. Nelson.

The Disappointed Squirrel, and Other Stories, by W. H. Hudson. Doran.

The Little Lost Pigs, by Helen Fuller Orton. Stokes.

THE WILDWOOD TRAIL

ARTHUR N. THOMAS

Cleveland, Ohio

THHERE'S a dim, wildwood trail winding far, far away
Through the hills where the cool springlets gush,
And the tall forest trees in their June-time array
 Echo songs of the calm hermit-thrush.
It meanders along like a gray tangled thread
 To a cliff where a green creeper grows,
Then it loses itself in a splashing of red
 In the home of the wild mountain-rose.

VACATION BOOKS

SIRI ANDREWS

Children's Department, Brooklyn Public Library

WHAT a potent word that word "vacation" is! It has as many meanings as there are people who look forward to that magic time, but not to any of us does it connote the endless possibilities for adventure and achievement that it does to children. To them it is a veritable eternity with no hampering limits to the proper carrying out of delightful plans. Margaret Ashmun conveys vividly that inimitable feeling known only on the first Monday of school vacation in the opening chapter of her "No School Tomorrow." It is a simple story of the summer vacation of nine year old girl that younger children will love. Another vacation story for even younger children is Eleanor Verdery's "About Ellie at Sandacre." Ellie spends the summer at the seashore, and in the repetitive style that small children adore and most adults abhor, we share her small good times. Without wishing to be flooded with books of this realistic and unimaginative type, we may be glad to have "Ellie" for its sincere feeling for nature, and its stress on the much-neglected senses of touch, hearing, and smell.

Though the summer vacation months are spent ideally out of doors and normally in physical exercise, for rainy days and sultry afternoons there is nothing quite so satis-

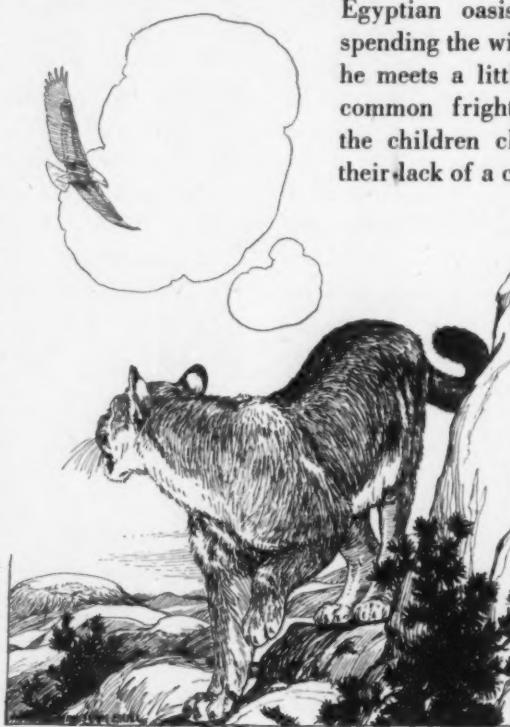
factory as a good book, a book that will not only give hours of present happiness, but will enrich the future as well. Such a book is Evelyn and C. Kay Scott's "In the Endless Sands," which may be counted as one of the most outstanding books for children of the past year. It is the story of a nine year old American boy who wanders away from the

Egyptian oasis where his parents are spending the winter, into the desert, where he meets a little Arabian girl. In their common fright, loneliness and hunger the children cling together, in spite of their lack of a common language, through

adventures with snakes and lions, Arabs and a circus dwarf. It is not at all an impossible story; the children are resourceful, but always child-like in their reactions and thoughts. The story has variety and suspense without being even remotely sensational; and it is written with a charm and a descriptive power that are delightful.

There is a vivid picture of desert life, of

and ethics, point of view and habits, conveyed with sympathy, imagination, and poetic feeling. Many children of seven or eight will like hearing it read aloud; children a little older will read it themselves with avidity. Their awakening interest will carry them on to reading Henryk Sienkiewicz's "In Desert and Wilderness" a few years later, and to H. W. French's "The Lance of Kanana," a splendid story of Arabian desert life.



From "The Way of the Wild"—By Herbert R. Sass
Minton.

Good books for the little children are of the utmost importance. A really excellent collection of folk tales to read aloud to quite small children is called "Chimney Corner Stories," is edited by Veronica Hutchinson, and contains such old favorites as "The Three Little Pigs," "Epaminondas," and "Henny-Penny." Children who can read for themselves will be grateful for the splendid type in which they are set. The pictures by Lois Lenski are distinctive. Children just learning to read will like Sara Cone Bryant's "Gordon and his Friends," a primer or first reader that tells a story without the inanities of many primers. Margaret Baker's "The Little Girl who Curtsied" with lovely silhouette illustrations by Mary Baker will have a wide appeal. Children who are spending the summer at the seashore will be particularly interested in "Charlie and his Coast Guards" by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell.

Little girls who like to read about dolls and other toys, and who already love "Memoirs of a London Doll" and "The Velveteen Rabbit," will be happy over Margery Bianco's "Poor Cecco," the adventures of a wooden dog, with its lovely Arthur Rackham illustrations, and her tiny volume "The Little Wooden Doll." Ethel Phillips' "Pretty Polly Perkins," is a charming story of a rag doll beloved of three little mothers.

But no list of vacation books could be complete without a fair share of fairy tales, and there are a number of new ones to add to the old favorites. Thatcher and Hogarth's "The Happy Dragon" is a collection of modern fairy stories that are whimsical and colorful, the title story of which is particularly delightful. "The Fat of the Cat," adapted by Louis Untermeyer from the Swiss of Gottfried Keller has humor and originality. Anna Wahlenberg's "Old Swedish Fairy Tales" are fresh and interesting, tho not folk lore as the title implies. The illustrations are colorful. In speaking of modern fairy tales it is hard to resist mentioning Henry Beston's "The Starlight Wonder Book," even though it is not among the newest of the new. Most modern fairy tales have little to commend them; this has a freshness of plot and point of view,

a keen observation and a feeling for color and words that is unusual. Still another book of recent years with an unusual fine imaginative quality is Ethel Cook Eliot's "The Wind Boy," a book of rare beauty.

Within the past few months there has been a crop of folk tale collections that add much to the richness and variety of our folk literature for children. Elsie Byrde's "The Polish Fairy Book" is very good; the two collections by Henderson and Calvert, "Wonder Tales of old Japan" and "Wonder Tales of Ancient Spain" are well written and characteristic in detail of the countries where the stories were found. Roy Snell's "Told Beneath the Northern Lights" has a value both as folk lore and as a glimpse of Eskimo life and custom; Olga Kovalsky and Brenda Putnam's "Long-legs, Big-mouth, and Burning-eyes" is quite a charming collection of Russian stories for younger children with interesting illustrations; Frances Olcott's "Wonder Tales of China Seas" is an unhackneyed selection of old tales.

Two other collections of stories of China have appeared lately. The first, Arthur Chrisman's "Shen of the Sea," is another of the really outstanding books of the year; it is a collection of tales with much humor and some poetic expression, unique in atmosphere and phraseology, and with a striking appeal to children. The other is Dorothy Rowe's "The Rabbit Lantern," stories for younger children of everyday child life, written by one who knows China and loves children. The illustrations by a Chinese add materially to the value and charm of the book.

Before we leave the realm of the supernatural entirely, we must not forget Walter De la Mare's "Broomsticks" which will probably appeal to more adults than children but should not be denied the occasional child who has the imagination and the literary appreciation to enjoy these highly finished and beautiful stories. Two books recalled by "Broomsticks" which are not new but which are apparently not well known and which are too beautiful not to be known are Lawrence Housman's "A Doorway in Fairyland" and "Moonshine and Clover."

The stories are very imaginative and exquisitely written with an appeal to appreciative older children and unmaterialistic adults.

Children (and their elders) who have loved A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" will find joy in E. V. Lucas' "Playtime and Company," charming verses of English children and child interests with E. H. Shepherd's characteristic and enchanting drawings.

Animal stories are perennial favorites, particularly with children who have pets. They will recognize their own (or their dream) soft and clumsy puppy in Eleanor Whitney's "Tyke-y" who lives his own puppy-life without human introspection. They will love and admire the pretty Persian kitten who gets lost in the woods and learns to fend for himself thru the winter, and will sympathize with the anxiety of the little owner until his pet's return, in Eleanor Youmans' "Skitter-cat." The story of "The Little Lost Pigs" adventure is a farmyard tale by Helen Orton for quite small children, with the charm of simplicity and of lovely pictures by Luxor Price. Older children, particularly boys, will enjoy H. R. Sass' "The Way of the Wild," dramas and tragedies in the lives of the birds and animals of the woods as observed by a human neighbor. Boys who love elephants and circuses (and what boy does not?) will welcome gleefully Clarence Hawkes' "Jungle Joe, the Story of a Trick Elephant."

While there have been no recent adventure stories for older boys equal to C. B. Hawes' "The Great Quest" and "The Mutineers," there has not been a total dearth. David Putnam, the twelve year old boy who sailed with Mr. Beebe on the "Arcturus" will be the envy of all the boys who read the story of his trip in his "David Goes Voyaging." J. W. Schultz's "Questers of the Desert," a story of the Hopi Indians of many years ago, promises to be as popular as his earlier Indian stories. R. S. Holland's "The Pirates of the Delaware" is a story of Philadelphia in 1792. Leo E. Miller's "The Jungle Pirates" is a picture of life among the Indians in the Venezuelan jungles where the suppression of the unlawful aigrette trade furnishes thrills and adventure. A. F. Loomis' "The Bascom

"Chest" brings the scene of adventure to the Maine coast where the search for Captain Kidd's treasure is still on.

The charming and distinctive "Little Princess Nina" of last year has a sequel this spring called "Fledglings," into which Nina does not enter directly however. School life in Petrograd and home life in the Caucasus are described with intensity and color. Another book of real merit and much charm is L. E. Brady's "Loyal Mary Garland," a story of California girls of high school age, depicting wholesome interests and high ideals, thru good character drawing. Beth Gilchrist's "Trail's End" tells of the winter vacation a group of girls spend in Vermont. One of the best books of the last few months for younger girls is Grace Moon's "Chi-Weé," a lovely story of a little Pueblo Indian girl in the western desert. Some stories of historical interest are Forrestine Hooker's "Cricket," who is a little girl in an army officer's family at the various army posts in the west after the civil war, Cornelia Meigs' "Rain on the Roof," a beautifully written collection of stories of many times and countries held together by a thread of present day interest, and Edith Sherman's "Mistress Madcap," a story of two girls in New Jersey who have thrilling experiences during the Revolution.

A fitting close to this list would be some charming stories about children which will appeal to people of all ages, and we find it in Anatole France's "Little Sea-dogs." His love for children is tender without being sentimental, his understanding sees them as they are and as they will be, while his wisdom sees them in their relation to each other and to the rest of the world—an attitude altogether refreshing.

A list of the books in the order mentioned:
 Ashmun, Margaret, *No School Tomorrow*,
 Macmillan, \$1.75.
 Verdery, Eleanor, *About Ellie at Sandacre*,
 Dutton, \$1.50.
 Scott, Evelyn & C. Kay, *In the Endless Sands*,
 Holt, \$2.00.
 Sienkiewicz, Henryk, *In Desert and Wilderness*, Little, \$2.50.

French, H. W., *The Lance of Kanana*, Lothrop, \$1.25.

Hutchinson, Veronica, ed., *Chimney Corner Stories*, Minton Balch, \$2.50.

Bryant, Sara Cone, *Gordon and his Friends*, Houghton, \$1.00.

Baker, Margaret, *The Little Girl who Curtseyed*, Duffield, \$2.00.

Hill, Helen and Maxwell, *Violet, Charlie and his Coast Guards*, Macmillan, \$1.00.

Fairstair, Mrs., pseud., *Memoirs of a London Doll*, Macmillan, \$1.00.

Bianco, Margery, *The Velveteen Rabbit*, Doran, \$2.00.

Bianco, Margery, *Poor Cecco*, Doran, \$3.00.

Bianco, Margery, *The Little Wooden Doll*, Macmillan, \$1.00.

Phillips, Ethel Calvert, *Pretty Polly Perkins*, Houghton, \$1.75.

Thatcher and Hogarth, *The Happy Dragon*, Brentano's, \$2.00.

Untermeyer, Louis, *The Fat of the Cat*, Harcourt, \$300.

Wahlenberg, Anna, *Old Swedish Fairy Tales*, Penn, 3.50.

Beston, Henry, *The Starlight Wonder Book*, Atlantic Mon. Press, \$3.00.

Eliot, Ethel Cook, *The Wind Boy*, Doubleday, \$2.00.

Byrde, Elsie, *The Polish Fairy Book*, Stokes, \$2.50.

Henderson, B. and Calvert, C., *Wonder Tales of Ancient Spain*, Stokes, \$2.50.

Henderson, B. and Calvert, C., *Wonder Tales of Old Japan*, Stokes, \$2.50.

Snell, Roy, *Told Beneath the Northern Lights*, Little, \$2.00.

Kovalsky, Olga and Putnam, *Brenda Longlegs, Big-mouth, and Burning-eyes*, Milton Bradley, \$2.00.

Olcott, Frances, *Wonder Tales of China Seas*, Longmans, \$1.75.

Chrisman, Arthur, *Shen of the Sea*, Dutton, \$2.00.

Rowe, Dorothy, *The Rabbit Lantern*, Macmillan, \$1.75.

De la Mare, Walter, *Broomsticks*, Knopf, \$3.50.

Housman, Laurence, *A Doorway in Fairyland*, Harcourt, \$2.00.

Housman, Laurence, *Moonshine and Clover*, Harcourt, \$2.00.

Milne, A. A., *When We Were Very Young*, Dutton, \$2.00.

Lucas, E. V., *Playtime and Company*, Doran, \$2.00.

Whitney, Eleanor, *Tyke-y*, Macmillan, \$1.50.

Youmans, Eleanor, *Skitter-cat*, Bobbs, \$1.50.

Orton, Helen, *The Little Lost Pigs*, Stokes, \$1.25.

Sass, H. R., *The Way of the Wild*, Minton, \$2.50.

Hawkes, Clarence, *Jungle Joe*, Lothrop, \$1.50.

Hawkes, C. B., *The Great Quest*, Atlantic Mo. Pr., \$2.00.

Hawkes, C. B., *The Mutineers*, Atlantic Mo. Pr., \$2.00.

Putnam, David, *David Goes Voyaging*, Putnam, \$1.75.

Schultz, J. W., *Questers of the Desert*, Houghton, \$1.75.

Hollan, R. S., *The Pirates of the Delaware*, Lippincott, \$2.00.

Miller, Leo E., *The Jungle Pirates*, Scribner, \$2.00.

Loomis, A. F., *The Bascom Chest*, Century, \$1.75.

Charskaya, L., *Little Princess Nina*, Holt, \$1.75.



From "David Goes Voyaging"—By David Putnam
Putnam

(Continued on page 204)

SOME RECENT CHILDREN'S BOOKS

EFFIE L. POWER

Director of Work with Children, Cleveland Public Library

WE HAVE just finished reading Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left" for sheer pleasure for the third time. Yes, there is an impenetrable child world which none of us can fully enter, but it has byways and open courts where some of our present day authors and critics are taking happy refuge, writing books for children against a background of stained glass windows and never demanding a curtsey.

Mr. Padraic Colum works on, seemingly undisturbed by the jazz age in which he lives, giving us one or two satisfactory books for children each year. His "Forge in the Forest" in literary style, content and artistic make-up is a distinctive contribution. Mr. Colum is a born story teller and instinctively creates a background for his tales instead of telling them baldly. In this volume four men, having caught a wild horse, take it to a forge in the forest to be shod. "We four can tell stories for each stroke that a smith strikes shaping two pairs of shoes for a horse," said they. Then follows a retelling in beautiful prose of the old stories of Phaeton, Bellerophon and similar myths. His book on "The Voyagers" is more informational, its aim being to bring together all the famous old legends of voyages out into the Great Atlantic. Again his setting is admirable and we find ourselves with Prince Henry of Portugal in his Tower "built in a place that went down steeply into the ocean" listening to the tales of travelers, dreaming dreams of unsailed seas and later seeing them fulfilled in the voyages of Columbus, Ponce de Leon and John Smith. Mr. Colum's own favorite among his books is "The King of Ireland's Son" written ten years ago.

Mr. Walter de la Mare is, in our opinion, the children's greatest living poet. His popular "Peacock Pie" published many years ago



From "Pinocchio"—By Collodi

Macmillan

has been followed by "Down-a-down Derry," "A Child's Day," "Crossings" and his edited collection "Come Hither." He has not brought out a book for children recently, (we do not consider "Broomsticks" a juvenile), but we hear him occasionally in the pages of "The Merry Go Round," a magazine edited by Rose Fyleman (another children's poet) and published by Basil Blackwell, Oxford, England. We congratulate Miss Fyleman on her long list of distinguished contributors. Perhaps Mr. de la Mare's visit to America will bring inspiration to him and another volume to his appreciative audiences of children here.

Mr. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" took us all quite by storm. It is real poetry which will live because like Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Milne writes up to children, not down. Let us hope this book will not be overworked in the schools.

Hughes Mearn's "Creative Youth" is for "every teacher and every parent with eyes to see and ears to hear." The author devoted five years in helping high school boys and girls in the Lincoln School of Teachers' College, Columbia University, to an enjoyment of poetry through their own writing of it. This is an account of their creative experiences including the best of the poems produced.

Stark Young's "Sweet Times and the Blue Policeman" quite charmed us. It is a volume of short, simple plays written for an intimate family group and will be most enjoyed there.

The books of the past year show an unusual number of less literary but very wholesome realistic stories for children four to seven. Among the simplest are Gertrude Kay's "Adventures in Our Street," Eleanor Youman's "Skitter Cat," Ethel Calvert Phillips' "Pretty Polly Perkins," Elinor Whitney's "Tyke-y" and Helen Orton's "The Little Lost Pigs."

"Tommy Tucker on a Plantation" by Dorothy Lyman Leetch is for children from eight to ten and will make a wide appeal as a story of colonial life in Virginia which offers no difficulties in the way of dialect.

In the March number of "The Horn Book," published by the Boston Bookshop for Boys and Girls, there is an article by Louise Seaman "About the Biancos" which brings before us the author of "The Little Wooden Doll" and "Poor Cecco," Mrs. Margery Williams Binaco. Both books are toy stories similar in style to the author's earlier "Velveteen Rabbit," and quite as natural. The wooden dog, Cecco, the gypsy doll, Jensina, Murrum, the cat, the Little Wooden Doll herself, and all her mice friends, "move in a strange, great colorful world of reality in a way entirely satisfactory to little children." "The Little Wooden Doll" has been illustrated by Mrs. Bianco's daughter, Pamela, so it is quite a family affair. Miss Seaman says of the Biancos "They have the spirit of play, the sentiment that treasures nonsensical possessions, the humor that keeps alive a family

vernacular. We are lucky to have them living and working with us."

A most beautiful book is Collodi's "Pinocchio" translated by Carol Della Chiesa and illustrated by Attilio Mussino. This was printed in Italy and has the same coloring and illustrations as the resplendent Italian edition.

Dorothy Rowe's "The Rabbit Lantern" is a collection of stories of Chinese child life vividly told and well illustrated by a Chinese artist. Another travel book of interest is "David Goes Voyaging" by David Putnam, aged twelve, son of the publisher of the same name. It is the boy's personal account of his experiences with Mr. William Beebe, scientist, explorer and writer, while on a two months voyage to seven uninhabited islands in the Pacific. The account is from David's diary and while exceedingly interesting is obviously edited. Two volumes of the Burton Holmes Travel Stories series have been brought to our attention, "Japan, Korea and Formosa" and "Egypt and the Suez Canal." Other titles are being prepared. The text has been written around marvelous pictures and is quite full in content. Both are somewhat uneven in style and appeal to children, but the series should be very valuable to teachers.

Among books of biography we must mention first of all Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln," selected parts of which will make an enduring appeal to children if read to them. It should be universally liked by young people.

The boys and girls who have long enjoyed Howard Pyle's "Men of Iron," "Robin Hood" and "King Arthur" will be interested in a biography of this author by C. D. Abbott. Mr. Pyle was also an illustrator of high merit and his life of industry and service within a small geographical circle should inspire young students.

A recent biography written for young people is a Royal J. Davis' "Boy's Life of Grover Cleveland" which places emphasis on his early ambition and persistent effort to

do everything thoroughly, his devotion to his mother, his acceptance of responsibility and his gradual rise politically. There was very little of the spectacular in his life but young people reading this biography will realize that public office is a public trust.

The purpose of Virginia Olcott's "International Plays for Young People" is suggested by the title. The volume includes eight short plays in original verse and reflects racial characteristics of many countries. All are planned for small groups and can be produced with very few properties. There are suggestions for costumes.

Recent books for older boys and girls on nature subjects are Arthur Heming's, "The Living Forest" which gives the adventures of a man and two boys in the depths of a Canadian forest; Hawksworth's "A Year in the Wonderland of Birds" and Hudson's "The Disappointed Squirrel." The last named is selections from the author's "The Book of a Naturalist." It is slight but will be useful in interesting boys and girls in the complete book and also in the author's autobiography, "Far Away and Long Ago."

A recent book on astronomy is Mary Proctor's "The Young Folks' Book of the Heavens." Not too difficult, authoritative and attractive in appearance, it supplements Isabel Lewis' "Astronomy for Young Folks" and similar American books in our collections.

Closely allied with the books of science and travel are the books of fiction which carry their readers into wide spaces or the depths of forests such as Olaf Baker's "Shasta of the Wolves," "Dusty Star" and "Thunder Boy" of recent years and Dhan Gopal Mukerji's stories of India: "Kari, the Elephant," and its sequel, "Hari, the Jungle Lad."

Two recent books for girls with decided atmosphere of locality are Evelyn and C. Kay Scott's "In the Endless Sands," a story of the Sahara desert, and Grace Moon's "Chi-Weé," in which the setting is laid in the Pueblo country.

We would also call attention to Charles

Finger's "Tales from Silver Lands" which won the Newberry prize in 1924, an almost perfect book in childlike imaginative quality and poetic description.

Marion Bauer and Ethel Pyser's "How Music Grew" is a child's history of the development of musical compositions from very early times down to the present in our country. Characteristics of music of all nations are also analysed in simple language, musical instruments used are described and illustrated. There is interesting biographical material on the great composers, who are classified according to the kind of music produced. The whole is very well indexed, forming a useful and much needed reference book.

The Hawes' prize for the best story of the sea, brought us a number of books, three of which, whether or not written for children, have been seized upon by them. First of all the winning story, "The Scarlet Cockerel" by Clifford M. Sublette, is a great favorite. This is a tale of the early Huguenots in America. Its action, its colorful descriptions, its romantic hero, have placed it with the tales of old world chivalry. As one reviewer has said, "It is as full of sword thrusts as a new shirt is full of pins."

Pulsford's "Old Brig's Cargo" is more realistic and moves more slowly. It is a tale of the speedless days of New England sailing vessels. There is good characterization, pirates and hidden treasure, enough to attract a boy of twelve.

Alfred Bill's "The Clutch of the Corsican," belongs more particularly to the high school age. It is the adventures of a boy of sixteen in France during the last Bonaparte years.

None of these prize manuscripts in our opinion, have the quality of Mr. Hawes' stirring "Dark Frigate," "The Mutineers," and "The Great Quest."

C. E. Cartwright's "Boy's Book of Ships" gives a brief history of sea-faring throughout the ages and presents every conceivable type of boat with many illustrations. It will be used for its information chiefly. At the same time it is in very readable form.

Bernard Marshall has continued his historical series with "Old Hickory's Prisoner," a story of the War of 1812 in America.

Roy Snell has given us "Told Beneath the Northern Lights," or legends of the Eskimo people.

Stefansson's journals continue to provide material for editors, but neither "Kak, the Copper Esquimau" with its sequel "Shaman's Revenge" by Violet Irwin, nor "Northward Ho" by Schwartz attract the boys and girls as do the "Friendly Arctic" and "Hunters of the Great North."

Constance Skinner's "Silent Scot" is a frontier story of the days of the American Revolution. It introduces a fictitious boy hero, Indians, Scouts, also Ferguson, a crack shot, John Sevier and others from authentic history. It is a series of stories in good English, more or less strung together, but promises to be popular because the action is vivid, the characterization clean cut and the setting and incidents decidedly interesting.

Books of real humor have been few. Chrisman's "Shen of the Sea" presents most amusing stories from the Chinese of Ah Mee who played at elephant in his Uncle Cha's cabbage patch, and of little Princess Chin Nor who preferred mud pies to jade puppy dogs, ivory mice and dolls of gold.

Hugh Lofting's "Dr. Dolittle's Zoo" is good humor in good English and is most welcome.

Carveth Well's "Jungle Man and His Animals" is most amusing and also mostly true.

Daudet's "The Pope's Mule," that charming story of the rollicking mule of long memory who kept his kick for seven years and finally launched it with admirable success upon the rascal, Tistet, has been made available in Macmillan's "Little Children's Classic Series."

Cornelia Meigs' "Rain on the Roof," while lacking somewhat in unity, will be generally read. A number of children in an old New England seaport town find a warm friend and an accommodating teller of stories in John Selwyn, who, while temporarily an invalid, carves wooden boats and toys in his pleasant

attic room. The hours pass most delightfully while they listen to tales of lands far away in time and space. The children also help to solve a mystery while the rain patters companionably on the roof.

Two noteworthy books on children's reading published during the year were Anne Carroll Moore's "The Three Owls" and Terman and Lima's "Children's Reading." The first is a collection of articles and lists, most of which appeared in "Books," the literary supplement of the New York Herald Tribune. Miss Moore offers original comment, comparisons of recent books and a number of literary essays of decided value.

The volume by Dr. Terman is not inspirational in character but is a study of the subject from the viewpoint of children's reading interests, subject values, literary values and suitability to various ages and school grades. One third of the book (about ninety pages) is text, the rest is given to lists of books, outlines and indexes.

Some Recent Children's Books.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

- Abbott, C. D., Howard Pyle, Harper, 1925, \$5.00.
- Baker, Olaf, Dusty Star, Dodd, 1922, \$2.00.
- Baker, Olaf, Shasta of the Wolves, Dodd, 1919, \$2.00.
- Baker, Olaf, Thunder Boy, Dodd, 1924, \$2.00.
- Bauer, M. & Pyser, E., How Music Grew, Putnam, 1925, \$4.50.
- Bianco, Margery W., Little Wooden Doll, Macmillan, 1925, \$1.00.
- Bianco, Margery W., Poor Cecco, Doran, 1925, \$2.00.
- Bill, A. H., The Clutch of the Corsican, Atlantic, 1925, \$2.00.
- Cartwright, C. E., The Boys' Book of Ships, Dutton, 1925, \$2.00.
- Chrisman, A. B., Shen of the Sea, Dutton, 1925, \$2.50.
- Collodi (pseud. for Lorenzini, C.), The Adventures of Pinocchio tr. by Carol Della Chiesa; il. by Attilio Mussino, Macmillan, 1925, \$5.00.

Colum, Padraic, *The Forge in the Forest*, Macmillan, 1925, \$2.00.

Colum, Padraic, *The Voyagers*, Macmillan, 1925, \$2.00.

Daudet, A., *The Pope's Mule*, New ed., Macmillan, 1925, \$1.00.

Davis, R. J., *Boys' Life of Grover Cleveland*, Harper, 1925, \$1.75.

De la Mare, Walter, *A Child's Day*, Holt, 1923, \$1.75.

De la Mare, Walter, *Come Hither*, Knopf, 1923, \$6.00.

De la Mare, Walter, *Crossings*, Knopf, 1923, \$3.50.

De la Mare, Walter, *Down-a-down Derry*, Holt, 1922, \$3.00.

De la Mare, Walter, *Peacock Pie*, Holt, 1917, \$2.25.

Finger, Charles, *Tales from Silver Lands*, Doubleday, 1924, \$3.50.

Hawes, C. B., *The Dark Frigate*, Atlantic, 1923, \$2.00.

Hawes, C. B., *The Great Quest*, Atlantic, 1921, \$2.00.

Hawes, C. B., *The Mutineers*, Atlantic, 1920, \$2.00.

Hawksworth, Hallam, *A Year in the Wonderland of Birds*, Scribner, 1925, \$1.60.

Heming, Arthur, *The Living Forest*, Doubleday, 1925, \$2.00.

Hudson, *The Disappointed Squirrel*, Doran, 1925, \$2.50.

Irwin, Violet, *Kak, the Copper Eskimo*, Macmillan, 1924, \$1.25.

Irwin, Violet, *The Shaman's Revenge*, Macmillan, 1925, \$2.00.

Kay, Gertrude, *Adventures in Our Street*, McKay, 1925, \$2.50.

Leetch, Dorothy L., *Tommy Tucker on a Plantation*, Lothrop, 1925, \$1.25.

Lewis, Isabel, *Astronomy for Young Folk*, Duffield, 1922, \$2.00.

Lofting, Hugh, *Dr. Dolittle's Zoo*, Stokes, 1925, \$2.50.

Marshall, Bernard, *Old Hickory's Prisoner*, Appleton, 1925, \$2.50.

Mearns, Hughes, *Creative Youth*, Doubleday, 1925, \$2.50.

Meigs, Cornelia, *Rain on the Roof*, Macmillan, 1925, \$1.75.

Milne, A. A., *When We Were Very Young*, Dutton, 1924, \$2.00.

Moon, Grace, *Chi-Weé*, Doubleday, 1925, \$2.00.

Moore, Anne Carroll, *The Three Owls*, Macmillan, 1925, \$2.50.

Mukerji, D. G., *Hari, the Jungle Lad*, Dutton, 1924, \$2.00.

Mukerji, D. G., *Kari, the Elephant*, Dutton, 1922, \$2.00.

Olcott, Virginia, *International Plays for Young People*, Dodd, 1925, \$1.75.

Orton, Helen, *Little Lost Pigs*, Stokes, 1925, \$1.25.

Phillips, Ethel C., *Pretty Polly Perkins*, Houghton, 1925, \$1.75.

Proctor, Mary, *The Young Folks' Book of the Heavens*, Little, 1925, \$2.00.

Pulsford, H. A., *Old Brig's Cargo*, Atlantic, 1925, \$2.00.

Putnam, David B., *David Goes Voyaging*, Putnam, 1925, \$1.75.

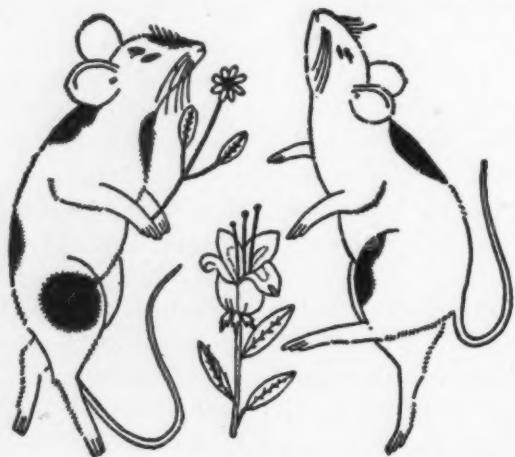
Rowe, Dorothy, *The Rabbit Lantern*, Macmillan, 1925, \$1.75.

Sandburg, Carl, *Abraham Lincoln*, Harcourt, 1926, \$10.00.

Schwartz, J. A., *Northward Ho*, Macmillan, 1925, \$1.25.

Scott, E. & C. K., *In the Endless Sands*, Holt, 1925, \$2.00.

Skinner, Constance, *Silent Scot*, Macmillan, 1925, \$1.75.



From "The Little Wooden Doll"—By Margery W. Bianco
Macmillan

(Continued on page 204)

FAVORITES AMONG NEW BOOKS

CLARISSA MURDOCH

Detroit, Michigan.

THE RECENT books for children are more beautiful than ever. Constantly, novelists, playwrights, and poets are turning to this new field. They are asking that the best artists illustrate their work. Parents are demanding good type, suitable for young eyes. The result is that the format is most attractive. A youngster is won before he begins to read. As for the contents—it will not be safe for a parent to leave any of these books around if he has any odd jobs he wishes his children to do this summer.

Jimmy Fisher is a lucky little boy to have for his mother such a splendid story-teller as Dorothy Canfield. Some of the many stories she told him are collected in her new book. Jimmy calls them "Made to Order Stories" because he demands the sort of story he wants. He rushes in from school, shouting, "A dog, and some sand, and a polar bear and—and an elephant, and some water." Then, after a minute, "and a little boy." From this assortment his mother evolves "The Angry Polar Bear." The stories have originality, variety, and humor. The book came to the house when my little girl had the measles and she greatly enjoyed it. When we finished the book, she discovered, like Jimmy in the last story, that she could tell her own "Made To Order Stories," even if she could not use her eyes.

"Of course," she said, "they aren't as good as those in the book, but it is fun to try." Perhaps literature teachers in platoon schools may find this a helpful suggestion. A librarian told me that when she read these stories she could not predict whether children would like them or not. She found, on telling them in the story-hour that the boys and girls rapturously welcomed them.

Lee Wilson Dodd, the author of "The Sly Giraffe," a book of absurd nonsense for



From "The Goblins of Haubec" — By Alberta Bancroft McBride

children, has an established reputation as a novelist and playwright. This tale of Peggie and Flips and the marvelous adventures that befall them he told to a group of children who live in the artists' colony at Yelping Hill, Connecticut. With many a chuckle two adults in our home read the book, enjoying the irresistible nonsense, the satire, the twisting of words, the parodies, and the very funny pictures by Clarence Day. It was, however, too sophisticated for the children, aged seven and ten. In fact, one of the grown-ups flatly declared that it was not a children's book at all. Perhaps those children at Yelping Hill, being the sons and daughters of artists, are more imaginative. For the average child, there will have to be a lot of explaining. This paragraph is typical. He says of the National Anthem of the Wireless Sprats:



From "Hari, The Jungle Lad"—By Dhan Gopal Mukerji Dutton

"The tune was a little like Yankee Doodle, but perhaps a good deal more like the second movement of the Third Symphony of Brahms:

The First Stanza of The National Anthem of the Wireless Sprats

Niger, Niger burning bright
In the Ocean out of sight,
If you did it in the sky
You would be a Comet! My!!!"

No list of books for children is complete without fairy tales. We are fortunate in having three new books of unusual merit.

"It was near sunset in the little city of Haubec and all the little Goblins were hanging out of the mansard windows of the town, waiting for the stars." Thus, Alberta Bancroft, in "The Goblins of Haubec," introduces the most delightfully whimsical creatures, the Goblins, who had lived in the city many years, keeping the houses in order. The stories of these odd little people are fresh and are written in a charming manner. The illustrations in black and white will catch the fancy of all small folk.

Into the same old-world atmosphere a child is taken in "The Fat of the Cat" by Gottfried Keller, freely adapted by Louis Untermeyer. After spending some time abroad, Mr. Untermeyer, our American poet, returned bringing with him a collection of stories by Gottfried Keller, a famous Swiss story-teller. From what Mr. Untermeyer says in his preface, we know that he has not merely translated the stories, but has given them a new dress. The stories are full of action; in them there is a delightful background of a quaint old-world village, Seldwyla; they have humor and biting satire. Seldom have I enjoyed reading fairy tales to children as much as I did reading the title story, "The Fat of the Cat" and "Clothes Make the Man." Glassy, the Cat, deserves, as Mr. Untermeyer says, to take his place beside the other famous story cats. A reader sighs with relief when the clever Glassy gets out of the power of the foolish magician. He is so real one forgets he is not human. The last three stories of the book are from the "Seven Legends." One of these, "The Statue and The Nun" is of interest just now because of the spectacle, "The Miracle," which was based upon it.

From China, Arthur Bowie Chrisman has brought a collection of fairy stories, "Shen of the Sea." Some of them are dramatic folk tales; some are clever character studies; others point a moral. There is in all of them a vivid background of Chinese life. They are quaintly humorous. The volume is illustrated by Else Hasselriis with many lovely silhouettes, which, in delicate tracery and pleasing arrangement of figures, often suggest bits of beautiful Wedgewood.

There are several outdoor stories and tales of the wild among the new books. Readers who enjoy reading about animals will find in "The Way of the Wild" by Herbert Ravnell Sass a new setting for this sort of fiction. Mr. Sass has made a careful study of the mountains and swamps of South Carolina and it is of their animal inhabitants he writes. The stories are dramatic and most of them have tragic endings. The illustrations are by Charles Livingston Bull.

Readers, young and old, will enjoy "Hari, the Jungle Lad" by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. One reads with intense interest of his home in a jungle village, of his education, and of his career as a trapper and hunter of wild beasts. The author describes in a dramatic way many hairbreadth escapes. Exceedingly vivid is his story of a tiger hunt that nearly ended disastrously for the boy and his father. Throughout the book he makes the reader feel his belief that "fair play, and fear none" is the message of the jungle. The book is beautifully written.

"The Living Forest" by Arthur Heming is an exciting story of two boys and a half-breed guide, who, through treachery, were abandoned in the far north. They had to depend upon their wits to live on the land and to fight their way back to civilization. The chief value of the book lies in the wood lore it contains. The old guide tells the eager boys the life histories and habits of the game animals of the land and explains methods of trailing and trapping them. There is a fine

description of the ways of beavers and of the passing of the caribou throng. You will remember that in "Kak, The Copper Eskimo," Stefansson writes of a similar throng. One feels that the author describes what he has actually seen. This feeling is increased by the unusual pictures which Mr. Heming has made for his book.

There are two new books by Padraic Colum. One, "The Voyagers," is a collection of legends and romances of Atlantic discovery. The other is "The Forge in the Forest." To the forge in the forest, four youths brought a wild horse they had caught that the smith might shoe it. Here they found not the smith but the king. When they told him that they were story-tellers, he said he would shoe the horse for them if they would tell a story to go with each of the elements, Fire, Water, Earth, and Air, used by the blacksmith in making shoes. They replied that each lad would tell two. They kept their promise by retelling such myths as Phaeton and Bellerophon and also Irish folk stories and legends of the Saints. These books are good illustrations of Colum's magic way of telling old stories.

Five books will greatly please young children.

"Little Pictures of Japan," edited by Olive Beaupre Miller, is one of the most beautiful books for children ever printed. It contains short stories and many tiny poems from the Japanese. These hokku poems have only three lines, but in them is reflected all of Japanese life. They show also the sympathy that these people have for nature—insects, flowers, winds, storms being subjects of poems. The exquisite colored illustrations on each page add to the distinction of the book.

Florence Claudine Coolidge became interested several years ago in telling stories to children. She found that Indian folk tales had a great appeal for them. Because of this, she began to collect Indian myths and data in regard to the customs of certain tribes. "Little Ugly Face" is the result of her search. Many of the stories have been told



From "Little Ugly Face"—By F. C. Coolidge
Macmillan

to her by her Indian friends. A few of the stories are original. They are well told and are not too long. In their pictures, the Petershams have not only caught the spirit of the tales, but they have added a marked decorative touch, making use of the designs found on Indian blankets.

E. P. Dutton & Company have published a story of an appealing little Italian boy, "Piccolo Pomi," by Antonio Beltramelli. Little folks will eagerly follow the strange adventures of this six-year old and will rejoice at the happy ending of his troubles.

For children who are beginning to read to themselves, the Macmillan Company has just brought out, "Tyke-y His Book and His Mark," written and illustrated by Elinor Whitney. It is an account of the exciting happenings in a puppy's life. Small lovers of puppies will like Tyke-y's paw mark that appears on the cover and they will also enjoy the stories and pictures. Like "Shen of the Sea" the book is illustrated by silhouettes. Are they becoming more fashionable? These are like kindergarten cut-outs and are effective with simple stories.

Children who were enamored of the drawings Mr. Ernest H. Shepard made for Mr. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" will eagerly welcome those he drew for "Playtime and Company," by E. V. Lucas. He sketches the most sprightly, hippity-hoppity sort of youngsters. Mr. Lucas writes of English children and the atmosphere of his verses is distinctly British, but that will probably not detract from their popularity in America. Childish curiosity will make our children interested in sweeps, game-keepers bullfinches, and market-days.

Little girls who like Cricket and Chi Weé two recent heroines of fiction, will enjoy "Little Aunt Emmie," by Alice E. Allen. She is as delightfully independent as they. Her joy in her outdoor life in the Adirondacks is contagious. These three children are such darlings, one regrets that they are not real.

For vacation reading a boy should have a sea story. The Atlantic Monthly Press offers a new one, "Old Brig's Cargo," by Henry

A. Pulsford. The story is interesting and the adventures of the boy hero are unusual.

Marion Baur and Ethel Peyser have dedicated their book, "How Music Grew," to all friends from nine to ninety. The volume will be very helpful in a home where children are studying music and will be valuable on school library shelves as a reference book. It is well arranged, with many illustrations to explain the text. The chapters, "The Savage Makes his Music," "Troubadours and Minnesingers," and "The People Dance and Sing" are very enjoyable and will make it possible for one who likes folk-lore to understand more clearly how ballads and folk-dances developed.

The National Council for the Prevention of War, Washington, D. C., is publishing a series of books for use in the schools. The first of these Books of Goodwill is "Through the Gateway," compiled by Florence Brewer Boeckel. Here are stories, poems, pageants, plays, games, projects, songs, children's prayers, programs for special days, and list of other books to read, all based on the idea of the unity of mankind.

LIST OF BOOKS

Made to Order Stories. By Dorothy Canfield. Illustrations by Dorothy P. Lathrop. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1925. 263 pages.

The Sly Giraffe. By Lee Wilson Dodd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1925. 187 pages.

The Goblins of Haubec. By Alberta Bancroft. Illustrated by Harold Sichel. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1925. 117 pages.

The Fat of the Cat. By Gottfried Keller. Freely adapted by Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by Albert Sallak. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 283 pages.

Shen of the Sea. By Arthur Bowie Chrismen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 252 pages.

The Way of the Wild. By Herbert Ravenel Sass. New York: Minton, Balch & Company. 1925. 321 pages.

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EDITORIALS

IS JUNE A MONTH FOR NEW BOOKS?

THE REVIEW has for three years devoted the June issue to new books for children. The assumption has been that teachers, parents, and children have vacation reading problems.

Children seek books with zest in vacation time. Publishers don't seem to think so. Bright days in the out-of-doors come as rivals to books, not as pleasant companions, some of them contend. Children's Book Week comes in November. That is the time to emphasize books for children, they say. The cold, dark days of November, the chill of December,—dark days, cold, gray days, are needed to drive children into the covers of books.

But teachers, librarians, and parents know that there is a vacation book problem—that children go in quest of books in vacation time. There are quiet, warm hours in every summer month that set children thirsting for reading. Always there come to my mind the vacation mornings when I have seen children, numbers of children, crowds of children, silently waiting at the library door at an early hour, long before opening time. And I remember, too, many a reading room in the library on summer days, with children readers that come and go. Mothers know this, too,—that the summer vacation is the child's own time for reading. Only children who do not know good books find hot days dull in the height of summer.

So THE REVIEW has made the June issue a Children's Book Number. It is of the children that THE REVIEW is thinking, and of the many, many good books that are their waiting companions. All that is needed is an introduction—"John, have you met The Mutineers?" "Gill, I would like for you to know The Little Wooden Doll." "I heard Master Skylark say recently that he would like to meet you, Fanny."

IN HONOR OF THE A. L. A.

A FEW weeks ago the president of the American Library Association wrote the editor requesting that THE REVIEW publish

during the year at least one article on books and libraries, in honor of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the American Library Association. But already THE REVIEW had published in the current volume many articles on libraries and books. The desire, though, to share in the observance of this anniversary year of the A. L. A., was strong. No more appropriate way of doing this seemed possible than to dedicate the June REVIEW to the A. L. A., and to fill it with articles by children's librarians, or those who devote themselves to children's books.

THE REVIEW knows no institution which can do so much for the world in the future as the Library. Few organizations have accomplished so much good as the American Library Association. May its Committee on its Hundredth Anniversary record even greater advancement than has been made in its first fifty years!

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF SUBSCRIBERS

THE JUNE REVIEW can go no further than its readers. Upon them rests the responsibility of reading the children as well as the books featured herein.

Librarians may show the books in attractive exhibits in the library and in show windows on busy corners. They may print lists, too, and distribute them.

Teachers may exhibit the books in the classroom, arrange entertaining programs, encourage the pupils to visit the public library, advise them to secure library cards if they haven't them. They may instruct the pupils in the use of the library. They may arrange visits to the library. They may organize vacation book clubs.

Parents may remind their children of libraries and books when hours grow hot on summer afternoons. They may purchase new books for the personal libraries of their children. Best of all, they may discuss books with them—occasionally read aloud with them.

VACATION BOOKS

(Continued from page 193)

Charskaya, L., *Fledglings*, Holt, \$2.00.
 Brady, L. E., *Loyal Mary Garland*, Doubleday, \$1.75.
 Gilchrist, Beth, *Trail's End*, Century, \$1.75.
 Hooker, Forrestine, *Cricket*, Doubleday, \$1.75.
 Moon, Grace, *Chi-Wee*, Doubleday, \$2.00.
 Meigs, Cornelia, *Rain on the Roof*, Macmillan, \$1.75.
 Sherman, Edith, *Mistress Madcap*, Doubleday, \$1.75.
 France, Anatole, *Little Sea-Dogs*, Dodd, \$2.50.

SOME RECENT CHILDRENS' BOOKS

(Continued from page 198)

Snell, Roy, *Told Beneath the Northern Lights*, Little, 1925, \$2.00.
 Stefansson, V., *Friendly Arctic*, Macmillan, 1921, \$6.00.
 Stefansson, V., *Hunters of the Great North*, Harcourt, 1922, \$2.50.
 Sublette, C. M., *The Scarlet Cockerel*, Atlantic, 1925, \$2.00.
 Terman & Lima, *Children's Reading*, Appleton, 1925, \$2.00.
 Wells, Carveth, *The Jungle Man and His Animals*, Duffield, 1925, \$3.00.

Tietjens, Japan, Korea, & Formosa, (Burton Holmes Travel Series), Wheeler, 1924 \$2.00.
 Whitney, Elinor, *Tyke-y*, Macmillan, 1925, \$1.50.
 Wilbur, Susan, *Egypt & the Suez Canal*, (Burton Holmes Travel Series), Wheeler, 1924, \$2.00.
 Youman, Eleanor, *Skitter Cat*, Bobbs, 1925, \$1.50.
 Young, Stark, *Sweet Times and the Blue Policeman*, Holt, 1925, \$2.00.

FAVORITES AMONG NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 202)

Hari, the Jungle Lad. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Illustrated by Morgan Steinmetz. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1924. 220 pages.
The Living Forest. By Arthur Heming. Illustrated by the author. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1925. 268 pages.
Little Pictures of Japan. Edited by Olive Beaupre Miller. Pictures by Katherine Sturgis. Chicago: The Book House for Children.
Little Ugly Face. By Florence Claudine Coolidge. New York: Macmillan Company. 1925. 175 pages.
Piccolo Pomi. By Antonio Beltramelli. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1925. 253 pages.
Tyke-y his Book and his Mark. By Elinor

Whitney. New York: Macmillan Company. 1925. 78 pages.
Little Aunt Emmie. By Alice E. Allen. Philadelphia: J. R. Lippincott Company. 1925. 286 pages.
Playtime and Company. By E. V. Lucas. Pictures by E. H. Shepard. New York: George H. Doran Company.
Old Brig's Cargo. By Henry A. Pulsford. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1925. 278 pages.
The Forge in the Forest. By Padraic Colum. Pictures by Boris Artzybasheff. New York: Macmillan Company. 148 pages.
The Voyagers. By Padraic Colum. Drawings by Wilfred Jones. New York: Macmillan Company. 1925. 188 pages.
How Music Grew. By Marion Baur and Ethel Peyser. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.